

# Drago and Hiccup

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Summary: (Discontinued. Sorry! If anyone wants to take over this story then feel free.) Drago's initiative changes dramatically during the battle of the bewilderbeasts. He wants Hiccup more than he's ever wanted anything in his life, but Stoick, Valka, Toothless, and Astrid aren't gonna let him go that easy. Drago x Hiccup.

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*Drago's initiative changes dramatically during the battle of the bewilderbeasts. He wants Hiccup more than he's ever wanted anything in his life, but Stoick, Valka, Toothless, and Astrid aren't gonna let him go that easy. Drago x Hiccup.\*\***

**\*\*(Some minor spoilers but this story does not follow the main plot of the movie, nothing major is spoiled.)\*\***

**\*\*Grammar errors are likely ;)\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>When the blonde rider spoke of a dragon master, Drago instantly imagined a trained warrior thick with muscle and clad in weapons and armor. If he was really the son of Stoick the Vast then he would surely tower over his people with his bearded chin held high in pride for his already doomed homeland.<p>

As much as he had hated Stoick, the thought of a younger version of him trying to steal his rightful place as ruler of all dragons made his blood boil.

He was filled with fury when he ordered his men to attack the sanctuary of the second bewilderbeast. However, as his ships surrounded the sharp, frozen island and his trappers and dragon army flooded its grounds, his rage subsided and a calm warrior stood in his place.

He was in control and he had a plan.

No dragon thief or dragon master would stand in his way not while he was in control of the alpha.

He walked through the battlefield with confidence. Watching as the traps went off and the flying beasts knocked each other out of the sky.

He knew what he wantedâ€|at least, he thought he knew.

He spotted the thief just as a net surrounded the four-winged dragon and took it down. She was quick to attack him and he could tell she was female by the sound of her voice.

"You cannot take the dragons! They are controlled by the alpha!"

She yelled and lunged at him with her staff. He blocked her strikes and threw her back.

"Ah, and that is why I've brought a challenger." He stated.

He stepped back and began twirling his own staff in the air. He yelled loudly over and over again just as the ocean behind him began to inflate.

The thief paused and looked up in shock as another, much darker bewilderbeast rose above the waves. It roared and immediately headed towards the other alpha.

Their giant tusks clashed and shook the ground.

The thief attacked him again but he quickly knocked her down and held her there. He used his staff to force off the spiked helmet and gazed at her face as she struggled.

A normal Viking would find this woman beautiful, but Drago could see the typical, human nature in her eyes. She may live and behave as a dragon does but she did not have to soul of one.

\_How boring\_.

He was about to finish her off when a much stronger blow knocked him away. He staggered backward and was enraged to see Stoick the Vast still alive.

The massive, red haired Viking helped the thief back onto her feet. She immediately mounted her dragon and flew into the sky to try and stop the fighting.

Stoick swung his axe as they circled one another.

"You were burned!" Drago growled.

"It takes more than a bit of fire to kill me." The chief replied.

They lunged at one another, weapons clinking loudly with each strike. At one point Stoick had him on the ground. He was so close to defeating him until he saw the thief and her dragon flailing in the

sky, dodging spit-fires of ice and barely hanging on.

"Val!" He yelled before abandoning Drago to mount his own dragon. It took to the sky and Drago watched him struggle to save the dragon thief.

A sound drew Drago's full attention. It rang through the air and expanded until a streak of black shot past his field of vision.

"Ah, the dragon master." He laughed.

He scanned the sky and was indeed graced with the sight of a Nightfury.

Then his smile faded.

The agile beast was not held down or conforming to the weight of a muscular Viking. In fact Drago couldn't tell the dragon had a rider until he noticed a thin form pressed flat against the creature's back.

Drago was intrigued. He watched in fascination as the black beast danced through the air, fast and effortless. The rider was not simply 'riding' the Nightfury, but moving with it. They moved together as if they were one.

Soon the two flew low and descended right in front of him.

He remained standing and stared in fascination at the beast and it's rider. There was some sort of contraption that began at the creature's front and connected to the rider's false leg. It literally joined them until the dragon master detached himself, causing the fake tail in the back to shift wildly for a moment.

He then realized that the rider was necessary for the beast to fly. They were truly two different parts of one creature.

Drago stood still. He wasn't sure what he was waiting for but when the so called 'dragon master' removed his helmet, something within Drago simply clicked into place.

The boy had a young face with a mess of auburn hair. His body was lean and small and nothing like Stoick.

What fascinated Drago the most however, were the boy's eyes.

He was used to seeing Vikings look at him with fear or rage. Sometimes with pity or disgust. It was always so human, so similar, so boring.

This boy's eyes wereâ€¦curious.

They observed him with open thoughts and caution and emotions that Drago could clearly see but couldn't quite understand.

He quickly glanced at the eyes of the Nightfury and was surprised to see the same exact look.

This boy had the eyes of a dragon.

The dragon master stepped forward cautiously. He lowered himself and his thin limbs bent in a way that mirrored the creature next to him. The dragon growled and took a threatening step forward but the boy held a hand back to calm him. Without even looking, this boy knew exactly what the beast behind him was doing.

This was obviously a human boy standing next to a dragon but the way they moved and the way they were looking at him said otherwise.

What were these two, a dragon with the mind of a human or a boy with the body and strength of a Nightfury?

Then the boy spoke to him.

"Are you Drago?"

This was definitely the voice of a boy. Not the deep boom of a grown chief like Stoick, or any Viking for that matter. This was a boy with the eyes of a dragon and the movement of a dragon.

This boy was a dragon.

Drago suddenly felt a strong desire burst into the front of his mind. It was stronger than the desire to become master of all the dragons and stronger than the desire to conquer every island in the sea.

It was the desire to own this dragon boy.

"Please, we have to stop this fighting! It doesn't have to be this way!"

The boy continued to speak and plead with him but Drago did not see a begging nature within the boy's eyes. Green orbs were glued to him. They were bright and absorbing and when they looked away briefly to stare back into the Nightfury's own, the two pairs of eyes locked and an understanding passed between them. They spoke without words.

Drago cocked his head to the side in fascination.

A new plan was forming in his mind. However, his bewilderbeast would be of no use. If he used the alpha's control to steal the Nightfury he would not have the boy.

He wanted the boy, the boy who was both human and dragon.

Drago turned and held his staff into the air. He cried out wildly, causing the dark alpha to stop his attack on the other giant beast and back away. It looked down at Drago obediently.

The other airborne dragons all paused in confusion and most of the fighting stopped. Even the dragon riders stopped what they were doing to see what was happening. It felt as though the entire attention of the battleground was now on him and his dragon boy.

The boy looked up at him in shock and Drago could see relief, caution, desperation and other emotions flicker across his expression. It was amazing. The boy's face was constant whirlpool of information that gave hints to what lay behind those mysterious green

eyes.

"I'll negotiate with you, dragon boy." Drago spoke.

The Nightfury took a step closer to the boy at the sound of Drago's sickly voice.

"R-really?" The boy asked. His knees were still bent in caution. "I'm not sure I like the sound of that."

Drago chuckled darkly and flicked his staff. He gestured to all off the surrounding dragons and the unmoving state of the battlefield.

"This battle; I'll stop all of the fightingâ€|but in exchangeâ€|"

He lifted his staff and pointed it directly at the boy's face.

"You will be mine"

The Nightfury reacted faster then the boy did. The black beast roared and bared his teeth threateningly at Drago. The dragon boy was stiff and his eyes were wide with shock.

"Youâ€|you can't be serious." He breathed and took a step back. The Nightfury's head nudged at the boy's legs in an attempt to beckon his rider away from the strange man. He continued to growl and bear his teeth.

Drago held his staff in the air. The dark alpha stared at him expectantly, waiting for his master's signal while the other giant beast recovered from the earlier bashing and guarded his ice fortress.

"The choice is yours, it will be easy to continue this battle." Drago threatened.

The dragon boy held his hands forward in a gesture of peace and caution as though he could prevent Drago from moving with that gesture alone.

"\_Me\_, you want \_me\_? Why? I don't understand."

Drago's eyes narrowed and he paused before replying.

"Neither do I."

The boy stared at Drago then looked all around at the other dragons on the battlefield before glancing at the Nightfury.

"How can I trust you?" the boy asked.

Drago grinned and moved his staff. He pointed it towards the water and immediately the dark alpha slowly stepped away from the battlefield and back into the ocean. It's massive feet crushed traps and ships but soon enough the trembling from it's footsteps subsided and the creature was fully submerged and out of sight.

Drago's men began calling out to him in confusion but he raised a hand to silence them.

He then held a hand out towards his dragon boy. Although this whole time Drago was calm and confident as soon as this boy appeared on his Nightfury his heart had begun beating frantically. He was afraid that this boy, the object of his newfound desire, would disappear on light feet and vanish into the sky on his black dragon.

The boy continued to stare at him in confusion. However, his shoulders sunk in defeat. The Nightfury was growling wildly and the boy placed a thin hand on its head.

"Shhâ€|bud it's okay. It's okay." He whispered.

The black beast's pupils expanded and he looked up at his rider. He cooed and grumbled sadly.

The boy slowly took a step forward. His green eyes were still wide and cautious but there was now a fire burning within those orbs. He had made a decision and he was determined to follow through. He would do anything to end this war.

Drago waited for the boy but his outstretched fingers twitched with each movement.

The one legged boy took one more step and Drago's patience broke. He reached out and latched onto the boy's arm before pulling him forward and quickly striking him in the back of the head.

He fell unconscious and Drago scooped up his limp body just as the Nightfury let out a loud, screeching roar that echoed across the entire battlefield.

Drago leapt away as the dragon charged him. Another dragon, one from his army, attacked the Nightfury and the two dragons clawed at one another, giving him time to escape with his prize.

He held the boy bridal style and brought his dragon-hide cloak around to shield him from view.

"Head back to the ships!" He yelled out to his men.

His army fell back and quickly began dismantling their gear and retreating back into the ships but the Nightfury's roar had started a counter attack from the enemy dragons and dragon riders. Constant blasts of fire were taking out their equipment and damaging their ships. Their armored dragons were barely holding off the attack without the alpha backing them up.

"Hiccup!"

Drago looked up to see the blond rider he had encountered on his ship before along with his former dragon trapper. They descended towards him on the back of a Deadly Natter. She reached out towards the dragon boy's face, the only thing visible from beneath his cloak.

Drago growled at her and used his staff to latch onto a dragon nearby. He snarled at it and shoved it in the blonde rider's direction. The beast obediently shot into the air and attacked the Deadly Natter.

He continued running towards his ship with his dragon boy still tucked safely in his arms. He leapt over traps and shoved past his own men and dragons, almost desperate to escape with his precious cargo.

"Forget the traps!" He yelled out to his army while dodging another blast of fire. "Everyone back on the ships-"

He skid to a halt in front of his ship as he noticed what stood between him and his vessel.

Stoick the Vast slowly stepped towards him while easily knocking soldiers and dragons out of his way. He pointed his axe at Drago. His eyes were alight with rage.

"Where do you think yer going with my son?"

Drago glanced down at the unconscious face of his dragon boy then growled and spun around only to see the Nightfury slowly stalk up behind him. The black beast roared ferociously, yellow eyes narrowing into slits.

Drago adjusted the boy so he could hold him more firmly then, growing desperate, he stuck his staff into the air and started calling out to his bewilderbeast. However, his staff was suddenly knocked out of his hand and he looked up to see the four-winged dragon and the dragon thief descend upon him.

"Unhand him!" the woman cried as she whacked him hard across the face with her staff.

Drago felt himself fall backwards and all at once his precious dragon boy was ripped from his grasp and lifted into the sky in the arms of the dragon thief.

"Nooooo!" Drago cried out and snarled while reaching for the boy.

However, now that he was no longer holding the boy the Nightfury let loose a blast of blue fire that knocked off his false arm and broke it across the front of his ship.

Drago fell upon his knees and stared upwards as his newest and strongest desire disappeared into the clouds. He felt a sense of dread and emptiness wash over him in waves. The feeling only grew as he continued to sit there and stare into the sky.

He felt one of his men grab him forcefully and drag him towards the ship just as Stoick mounted his dragon and flew after his son.

"No! he's mine! HE'S MINE!" Drago Bludvist screeched as loud as he could as what remained of his fleet fled into the open ocean and away from the dragon riders.

\* \* \*

><p>Valka was practically gasping with breath as she tried to calm down. She continued clutching her only son tight enough so that she

could feel the constant beating of his heart.<p>

Cloudjumper grumbled softly in a comforting manner as he glided them gently through the safety of the clouds.

Valka took another deep breath and she slowly laid Hiccup down to rest against the back of Cloudjumper's neck.

She touched his unconscious face and then felt around for injuries. She sighed in relief when all she found was a lump on the back of his head.

"Oh Hiccup." She spoke softly while running her fingers through his auburn hair.

Another shape started rising above the clouds and Valka started to panic before she realized it was only Stoick on the back of Skullcrusher.

"How is he?" He flew close to them.

"Oh! He's fine, he's alright, Stoick."

Stoick sighed deeply and ran a hand down his face. "Drago and his army retreated, it's safe to come down now."

\* \* \*

><p>Astrid was the first one to come to Hiccup as they flew back to the deserted battleground. She did not wait for Cloudjumper to reach the ground. She flew upwards on Stormfly and leapt onto the four-winged dragon. She immediately embraced Hiccup's unconscious form and started frantically kissing his face while Valka tried to keep them all from falling.<p>

Valka, not knowing that her son had a girlfriend, became very defensive at first and almost shoved the girl away. Now she and Cloudjumper landed a bit awkwardly while trying to hold onto Hiccup and calm Astrid down at the same time.

Snotlout, Fishlegs and the twins came to check on Hiccup as Stoick and Gobber gently carried him into the cave and found a place for him to rest.

Valka's dragons also stopped to check on the unconscious boy as each one flew by.

It took half an hour for Hiccup to finally wake up. When his eyes cracked open, the first word he whispered was

"Toothless."

And immediately the Nightfury who had been waiting at the bottom of the cave because he couldn't fly, found it necessary to claw his way up the side of the icy sanctuary and shove himself past every Viking standing in his way.

He gently nudged his face against his rider's and cooed happily as Hiccup laughed in return.



Gobber cooked food and they celebrated the victory against Drago Bludvist. They sang, the twins danced and the dragons flew freely into the sky.

The only person without a smile was Stoick who sat still and quietly contemplated what he would do when Drago returned for his son.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>If you guys have any ideas for how I should continue this story or if there is something you would like to see, let me know :)<strong>

## 2. Chapter 2

Hiccup had only spent a few moments awake before passing out again.

Stoick wasn't surprised. He was at a distance when it happened but even from afar he could see the sheer force used to knock out his son. Drago could have easily killed him but he didn't.

Now Hiccup was resting on a bed of furs Valka had laid out for him.

Toothless slept along side him and practically engulfed the young Viking with his warm body. His tail made a circle around the furs and the creature grumbled in his sleep. One black arm clutched at his rider should anyone try to tear them apart again.

His wife kneeled on the other side of Hiccup. She ran gentle fingers through his hair and every now and then she would look up and smile at Stoick.

It was a sight he had always dreamed of, the image of Hiccup and his mother together. But at the moment he was almost too wrapped up in his concerns to enjoy it.

Astrid had been sitting next to Valka until the celebration of the other riders started to get too loud. She then stormed into the party and started throwing punches in an attempt to quite them. Her attempts only created a bigger ruckus and Stoick finally snapped and sent them all out on their dragons to check for enemy ships.

Now the only ones left were Gobber, the boy Eret, his wife and himself.

The former dragon trapper had apparently joined their side during the battle but Stoick was far from trusting anyone who did business with Drago. He was thankful that Eret was currently sitting awkwardly surrounded by a mass of sleeping dragons.

Gobber was tinkering with his weapons but he stayed near Stoick, as he always did when he could tell that something heavy was weighing on the chief's mind.

Having his son almost kidnapped by someone like Drago was definitely heavy.

Hiccup groaned in his sleep and instantly Stoick's eyes were glued to him. Valka ran a thumb over his forehead in a soothing manner but the boy seemed agitated.

He was reminded then of just how small his son used to be. In fact, he was still smaller than most people on Berk. His growth spurt had lengthened his limbs and made him taller but Stoick could still fit both hands around his shoulders and pick him up with no effort if he wanted to.

Hiccup had proven himself one more than one occasion. He was agile and he had as much smarts as Stoick had muscle. He could tame an island of dragons and invent a whole new way of life. There was no one else in the world Stoick would choose as his successor.

But seeing his only son being carried away by Drago, like one would carry a sleeping child, ran chills up his spine.

Thoughts of Hiccup's new duties as chief raced to the back of his mind and in the front was the urge to protect.

He didn't know why Drago had tried to steal Hiccup away but he sure as hell wouldn't let it happen again.

He stared into Hiccup's sleeping face wondering just what kind of conversation took place between his son and Drago Bludvist.

As if on cue, green eyes cracked open and Hiccup blinked rapidly against the light of the cave.

"Mom?" His voice was hoarse but Valka smiled and planted a kiss on his forehead.

"Aye son." She replied just as quiet.

Stoick wanted nothing more than to ask all of the questions that were swimming around in his head. \_What did you say to Drago? Why did he call off his giant dragon? What did he say to you? \_But Hiccup's brow was furrowed and he looked lost and confused. Stoick wondered if his son's memories were in tact and he restrained himself for just a moment.

"Ah, the peacekeeper awakens!" Gobber chuckled. He paused in his axe-cleaning to give Hiccup a toothy grin.

"Now I never could praise a Viking for their compromising skills-" Gobber continued.

"But what a sight! I'd give my last leg to know what ya said to get that half-crazed wrangler to call off such a mighty beast!"

Hiccup stared up at him in confusion and tried to process what the blacksmith had just said.

Toothless came awake at that moment and nuzzled his rider's hair with his snout in an affectionate manner. The black beast's head came around to look at Hiccup in the eye and for some reason that's all it took for the boy's memory to come racing back.

He gasped loudly and shot into a sitting position only to immediately

wince from the pain in the back of his head.

Stoick leaned forward and placed a firm hand on his shoulder to calm him down but Hiccup was looking around the cave in a frenzy.

"D-Drago! Where's Drago? What happened?" His voice was frantic.

"Ya don' remember?" Gobber answered him curiously. "Well I suppose ya \_were\_ out like a light for that last bit."

Hiccup looked at him in confusion again before Valka spoke and made things clear.

"He tried to run off with ya. We barely managed to get you away before he left with his army." Her voice was soft and her gentle hands petted his hair and left arm in a soothing manner.

"Heâ€¦he just left? He didn't try to fight?...but he said-"

"What did he say?" Stoick demanded. His voice was loud and it echoed throughout the cavern causing Eret to jump in surprise from where he was sitting.

Hiccup held his father's gaze and swallowed.

"Heâ€¦he said he would stop the fight if he could have \_me\_." His quiet voice answered.

Stoick stared at him for a moment as that line registered. He then slowly released Hiccup's shoulder and his face twisted in anger. Thoughts raced through his mind and slowly his rage grew to the point where his eyes were narrowed and his fists were shaking.

\_Was this an attempt to get back at him? Drago couldn't kill him so he was going to take his son instead? \_

His rage boiled out until Gobber placed a heavy hand on his shoulder. He turned his infuriated eyes to look at his friend and Gobber gave him a reassuring pat before gesturing towards Hiccup.

Stoick took a deep breath and looked back down at his son to see both Hiccup and Toothless looking up at him with big expectant eyes.

Then Valka chuckled low in her throat turned Hiccup's head around by his chin so that she could gaze into his face.

"Drago's a fool if he thinks he can take my son from me." She stated with confidence.

It was meant to comfort Hiccup more than it was Stoick and the young Viking smiled up at his mother.

"Not to mention that Nightfury nearly blasted em' to bits when he tried." Gobber laughed and Toothless grumbled in agreement.

Stoick's boiling rage eased a bit and his stiff shoulders deflated. He took another deep breath to calm down.

\_Yes, Hiccup was safe now.\_

"Strangeâ€¦from what I saw, it looked like you had given yourself up." Eret spoke from across the cave.

Stoick's eyes snapped over to the ex-dragon trapper with a fierce gaze.

All eyes in the cave were on Eret and the he cleared his throat nervously before continuing.

"I mean, I saw you when you were down there with Dragoâ€¦he held his hand out to you andâ€¦well it just seemed as though you were ready to hand yourself over."

Stoick's eyes snapped back to Hiccup and the boy was already looking up at him and biting his lip.

He knew his son preferred to keep the peace but this was getting out of control.

"Oh, Hiccupâ€¦" Stoick ran a hand down his face and sighed deeply before his voice rose in volume. "Do you have any \_idea\_ what a sick man like Drago would do to ya?"

Hiccup let out an exasperated breath and glared at his father.

"What, you think it was \_my\_ \_idea? You think I started out with \_hey\_ Drago, instead of taking the dragons why don't you take me instead?\_ No, he came up with that part on his own, actually." Hiccup scoffed.

Stoick took another deep breath and stared back at his son until his wife stole the boy's gaze. She looked up at him and searched his eyes.

"Did you reallyâ€¦were you really going toâ€¦" She trailed off.

Hiccup answered her with a guilty smile. "He called off his bewilderbeast and he was going to bring it back out if I didn'tâ€¦"

She stared back at him with a frown but her eyes were filled with amazement, fear and oddly enough, \_respect\_.

Hiccup turned to look at his father and smiled up at him.

"A chief protects his own." He said.

Stoick nodded while massaging his temples.

"Aye, but right now\_ I\_ am the chief so you'll let \_me\_ do the protecting. And \_you\_ are not to go flying on yer own anymore."

Hiccup rolled his eyes and flopped back down to lie against Toothless.

Stoick stood and looked at everyone in the cave.

"Tonight we rest but by morning we're heading back to Berk. Drago \_will\_ return with his army so when he does, we have to be ready."

He gestured to Gobber. "Go find the others and bring them back here."

Gobber tried rousing the dragon out of sleep just as Hiccup met his father's gaze again.

"Dad, do you really think Drago is going to attack Berk?"

Stoick placed a large hand on his son's chest and nodded.

"A man like thatâ€¦I'm positive he will be back. But we have time, so rest for now."

He gave his son a pat but the worry in Hiccup's expression didn't go away even when he closed his eyes.

\* \* \*

><p>Eret was not used to the presence of dragons.<p>

Well, he wasn't used to them when they were \_unchained\_ and free to do as they pleased.

But he was surprised to find that none of them seemed to mind him there, just like he had been surprised by everything else that day.

In fact, the Deadly Nadder called Stormfly he had befriended was currently curled up behind him and nudging him fondly as she slept. Eret placed a hand on her head and smiled. Everyone else in the company was sleeping but he just couldn't get comfortable enough to rest.

A rustling noise in the cave drew his attention towards the furs where the son's chief and his girlfriend Astrid slept.

At least it's where the son's chief \_was\_ sleeping because now he was up on his feet accompanied by a yawning Nightfury.

Eret kept silent and watched as Hiccup adjusted his gear before kneeling down into the furs and looking at his girlfriend fondly. He gently brushed her bangs back and placed a long kiss on her forehead. Eret could tell by the boy's expression that it was a goodbye kiss.

Then the boy stood and regarded Stoick the Vast who was sleeping with the female dragon thief at his side. Hiccup stared at them with a smile and then wiped his eyes before patting his Nightfury's massive head and carefully walking towards the cave's exit.

He moved quietly, stepping over tails and sleeping bodies and as he passed Eret the ex-trapper wanted to say something but he held his tongue.

He knew what the chief's son was doing but as he tried to think of

something to say or wondered if he should wake the othersâ€¦the look in Hiccup's eyes was filled with determination and Eret could relate to a man with a goal in his heart. A man who would do anything to protect the ones he held dear.

So he let the boy go.

\* \* \*

><p>"Alright bud, you and me are going on a little vacationâ€¦hopefully not <em>forever<em>." Hiccup stated as he soared through the night sky on the dragon's back.

Toothless cooed in reply and did maneuvers through the air, simply happy to be flying with his rider again.

Hiccup signaled towards the water and Toothless obediently dunked them into the ocean a few times as they flew.

"Whoo!" Hiccup gasped at the freezing water and tried to shake most of it off.

He knew his dad would try and track him down with Skullcrusher so they had to use the ocean to cut off his scent.

Hiccup adjusted his helmet and shook his arms out wildly. "Boy, that'll wake you up!"

Toothless roared in reply and shook his head around, sending water flying everywhere.

"Now it's off to find Drago. Okay bud, show me how fast you can fly!"

Toothless smiled up at him and Hiccup laid his body flat against the dragon's back as the Nightfury shot forward at an incredible speed. He kept low to the ocean and yellow eyes scanned the moonlit water for a giant ship.

\* \* \*

><p>"Dragon rider!"<p>

Drago's eyes snapped open at the sound of cries through out his ship.

He growled and pushed himself out of bed. He pulled his cloak around to cover his missing arm and kicked open the door to his bedroom chamber.

On the top deck of his ship his men were running around in chaos. They were yelling at one another and pointing towards the sky. The trappers were gathering nets and weapons and several of them were preparing the onboard catapults.

One of the soldiers came up to Drago as he emerged.

"Is it just one?" Drago asked in his deep voice, not feeling at all threatened.

"Aye, sir. He's been circling the ship but the men are working on shooting it down."

Drago growled again and walked slowly while looking up at the dark sails. He saw a sleek shadow and a streak black.

He smiled.

It was exactly the dragon rider he was hoping to see.

Constant nets shot into the air and the Nightfury dodged them with ease. The dragon boy sat low on the creature's back. Though he was wearing a helmet, Drago could tell that he was scanning the ship for it's captain.

His eyes spotted Drago and the black dragon flew forward and perched on top of one of the giant skulls attached to the ship's bow.

Drago walked to the front of his ship and looked up at him expectantly.

The Nightfury eyed the men with caution while the dragon boy removed his helmet and looked down at Drago.

"Well I thought you wanted me here, but if we're not welcome, we'll just be on our way." The boy said while gesturing towards the ocean.

"No!" Drago said a little too quickly. He looked around at his men with their weapons raised.

"Back off, all of you!" He yelled at them.

They looked at him in surprise but slowly lowered their weapons and backed away from the ship's bow.

Drago looked back up to see the Nightfury snap his head in satisfaction before leaping down to land right in front of Drago.

The dragon boy stayed on the creature's back. He looked like he was ready to bolt into the sky if he needed to. The thought made Drago's heart beat quickly and his fingers began to twitch.

"Dragon boyâ€|" Drago spoke lowly. "We were just planning out our attack on Berk."

The boy's eye's narrowed mirroring the yellow glaring eyes of the creature beneath him.

"But now that you're hereâ€|my offer still stands." Drago grinned and held out his only hand.

Hiccup looked at it before glaring back up at him.

"Your offer of stopping the war if I stay as your prisoner?" he asked.

Drago nodded and the boy placed a hand flat on the Nightfury's head.

"I have one condition." The boy said.

Drago quirked and eyebrow and grinned wider. "I'm listening."

The dragon rider paused as if surprised by the man's willingness.

"You can't harm my dragon or tie him up and he stays with me." The boy stated.

Drago looked down at said dragon just as it's jaws opened and it roared threateningly at him.

He chuckled darkly and smiled again. "Very well, so long as it behaves\_."

The boy detached his false leg from the dragon's harness and adjusted the saddle while Drago watched.

He watched curiously as every lean muscle moved as the boy straightened himself and looked all around the ship. The Nightfury was put at ease by its rider's posture. However, yellow eyes still regarded Drago with caution. He would not let his rider be stolen from him again.

"So?" The boy wrung his hands and looked around awkwardly. "Is there a dungeon with my name on it?"

Drago continued to observe him for a moment until he turned and gestured for the boy to follow him.

He walked past his men and he could hear the uneven sound of the boy's footsteps behind him.

\_Thump click thump click thump click\_

He made a mental note to take a closer look at the boy's missing leg later.

The Nightfury hissed at every soldier they passed but stayed close to his rider.

"Very nice ship you have here by the way. It's just your style, the skulls at the top especially. Everything just screams \_Drago.\_" The boy spoke.

Drago ignored him but the sound of the boy's voice filled him with a sense of excitement as he was constantly reminded of the young Viking's presence. He found himself smiling as he led his prisoners into the lower deck.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Let me know what you guys thought of this chapter and what you would like to see happen next.<strong>

\*\*Your reviews are really the only thing that inspires me to keep writing ;)\*\*



### 3. Chapter 3

"This is my bedroom chamber." Drago's voice was quiet and raspy.

He forced the large metal door open with his foot, eyes never leaving that of the dragon boy's.

The boy stared at him warily for a moment but when Drago didn't move, the young Viking drew in a breath and slowly walked passed him and through the doorway. The Nightfury followed close behind after tucking its wings in tightly so it could fit through.

Drago followed with a grin and slowly closed the metal door behind him.

The boy was examining the room and the dragon was sniffing the floor curiously.

It was an enormous, dark chamber and the only light came from a large candle sitting on a vertical barrel by the bed. The bed itself was a massive wooden thing covered by a quilt made mostly of bear fur. The only other objects in the room were old books and weapons settled against the walls on the floor, including Drago's staff-like spear.

Drago watched the boy carefully. His thin form moved back and forth slightly as he observed just about every inch of the chamber. He even ran his hand over the fur of the bed curiously before turning and looking up at Drago.

He seemed taken aback by the way the older man was eyeing his body but the boy stood tall and kept his chin up.

"Uhâ€¦can I ask why we're in here?"

Drago continued to stare at him while he replied. "This is where you'll stay."

The boy's face immediately twisted in confusion and then he shared a look with his dragon before gazing back up at the man, bewildered.

"Ohâ€¦uhâ€¦this kind of hospitality isn't necessary. We \_are\_ prisoners after all! Any old lockup will be fine, really."

Drago fixed the boy with sharp narrow eyes and the youth awkwardly scratched the back of his head and cleared his throat.

"Ahemâ€¦okay, bedroom it is." He murmured.

The Nightfury sniffed at the bed fur and snorted loudly before turning around and looking back and forth between his rider and the dark man standing before them.

Drago's gaze took in the boy's lithe form and he cocked his head to the side. The young Viking was fiddling with the straps on his clothing while under the man's scrutiny but he straightened when Drago took a step forward.

Drago took another step and the boy's eye widened but he stood as tall as he could and kept his head raised. He held his ground.

Drago was used to challenging dragons. He would show his strength and power and force every dragon he met to submit and obey him. They all saw him as their alpha and he liked it that way.

However, this boy was different and Drago wondered what it would take to make him submit. How could he make this boy obey him like every other dragon did, to bow and worship his presence?

The boy was beautiful in the candlelight. It lit up his messy hair and reflected in those wild green eyes. It was like something exotic and forbidden and Drago was starting to admire everything about him.

By the third step the Nightfury was on guard. It growled threateningly as Drago moved towards its rider. A black, mismatched tail flipped upwards to curl around the boy's legs protectively.

"Keep that dragon calm or I'll throw it overboard." Drago said quietly, eyes never leaving those bright green ones.

The boy looked surprised and quickly put a hand towards his dragon to calm him down.

"Shh it's okay, bud!"

The dragon quieted down but continued glaring at Drago.

The man stopped just an inch away and the boy refused to take a step back. He remained where he stood, body straight and stiff with his hand still held out towards his dragon. His head tilted downwards but his eyes remained locked with Drago.

It was definitely not a submissive pose.

However, he could see the boy breathing faster and he knew he was holding back a fight or flight response.

Drago looked briefly down at the Nightfury to see yellow eyes examining him. The dragon's legs were bent and it was just waiting for Drago to cross the line.

His eyes returned to the green ones before him and he slowly brought his hand around to the boy's right leg. Those same green eyes looked down to track the movement of his hand and the younger let out the breath he had been holding when Drago removed his retractable sword with a \_click\_.

He lifted the object and examined it with raised eyebrows. "Quite an odd weapon."

"Yeah well, \_odd\_ is my middle name." The boy replied.

Drago could feel the boy's breath against his chin and it thrilled him to the core. A crooked smile appeared on his face as he tucked the object away in the darkness of his cloak.

"There is \_indeed\_ something different aboutâ€|this." Drago's eyes scanned the lithe body before him.

The young Viking let out a huff and shifted his weight to his good leg.

"I'm pretty sure you just gestured to \_all of me\_."

Drago grunted in response and out of curiosity he slowly brought his hand forward and simply placed it on the side of the boy's leather clad waist. His hand was large in comparison and his thick fingers easily covered half of the body's width. He let his hand rest there and the boy's eyes locked onto it before lifting both arms away from himself, as if that hand was a leech.

"Uh, can I \_help\_ you?" the boy breathed in surprise.

The Nightfury hissed and his rider spoke to calm him down again.

"Hold still." Drago demanded and the boy's eyes shot up to stare at him in shock. His body immediately tensed as he braced himself for what this man was about to do.

However, Drago moved slowly and both the boy and the dragon watched carefully as his large hand traveled upwards against brown leather. Stubby fingers felt every clasp and buckle until his fingertips slid under the gray cover on the boy's top. He forced his hand upwards until it lay flat against the boy's chest. He could feel the young Viking's heart hammering through the leather and he could feel the chest expanding with each quick breath.

"Umâ€|" the boy spoke nervously and stared down at his chest plate.

Drago studied the boy's face and then brought his hand back out to trail a finger against the edge of the leather. The youth leaned back and gritted his teeth as that finger came closer to his neck but he \_still\_ held his ground.

Then Drago slowly leaned forward and the boy turned his head to the side, probably expecting to have a threat whispered into his ear but instead, Drago licked at the boy's freckled neck and simultaneously snuck his hand down to grope the boy's ass.

That had crossed a line.

The dragon boy gasped loudly and immediately shoved his hands against Drago's chest. He fell backwards onto the floor, wide eyes staring up at the dark man in horror.

A second later the Nightfury was standing protectively over its rider. It roared up at Drago, black wings fanning out in a threatening gesture.

Drago laughed and raised his only hand as a sign of peace while backing up.

"Make yourself at home, \_dragon boy\_." He stated just before walking out of the room and closing the metal door behind him with a loud

\_clang\_.

\* \* \*

><p>Toothless held his pose until he was sure the strange man was gone for good. Then the dragon's wings dropped and he twisted around to inspect the boy underneath him.<p>

Hiccup was taking deep breaths in an attempt to calm himself down. He propped himself up against the framing of the bed and ran a hand down his face.

\_That\_ had certainly caught him by surprise.

But to be honest, Hiccup had been expecting a lot worse. Though he had tried to act confident when boarding this ship, secretly he had been bracing himself for some kind of awful torture or cruel treatment. He had expected Drago to demand information on everything he knew about dragons or Berk or maybe the other bewilderbeast, and he had been expecting Drago to hurt him physically in an attempt to get that information.

He was certain the man had touched him as a way to intimidate him and catch him off guard. But even if the man did bring him here to doâ€|\_that\_ to himâ€|well, at least it was better than being blatantly \_tortured\_.

Stillâ€|Hiccup couldn't help the fear creeping up his spine or the sickly feeling that was settling in his stomach.

Toothless grumbled up at him with wide eyes and black ears pointing straight up. Hiccup ran a hand over the dragon's head and smiled at him.

"It's okay. I'm alright, bud."

The Nightfury cooed and started sniffing Hiccup all over. He trailed his snout in the same place that Drago had trailed his hand. When he got to the boy's neck he picked up a trace of the strange man's scent and immediately licked the area to replace the smell with his own.

"Ugh!" Hiccup leaned away from his dragon and wiped at the spot.

"Thanks, but I've been licked enough for one day."

The dragon grumbled in reply and used a wing to pull the boy back towards him so that he could continue his inspection.

Hiccup sighed deeply and scratched the dragon's chin as he continued sniffing him.

"Toothless...what have I gotten us into?"

\* \* \*

><p>"Any sign of him?"<p>

Stoick looked up to see Cloudjumper descending towards him with Valka

standing on his back.

Stoick gave his own dragon a quick pat and it slowed its pace. "I'm afraid Skullcrusher lost his scent quite a ways back. He must have done something to throw us off his trail."

All of them had been woken up that morning by the sound of Astrid's shouts after finding Hiccup and Toothless missing from the cave.

The girl had immediately bolted on her Deadly Nadder in a frantic search for her boyfriend but before the others could follow her lead, Stoick had called all of their attention to devise an organized search party. He had ordered them all to split up and scan the ocean for Drago's fleet and if any of them were to find it or any sign of Hiccup they were to fly back and tell Stoick \_immediately\_.

So far they had searched for hours without any luck. Not even Skullcrusher, the best tracker they had, was successful this time around.

Stoick just hoped that if Astrid found him before they did that she wouldn't try anything foolish.

He was trying \_very\_ hard not to think about what Drago could be doing to his son right now.

Valka swooped lower and looked down at her husband with desperate eyes.

"I don'tâ€| " She began and then paused.

"I haven'tâ€|grown up with him like you have, so I don't knowâ€|why would he do this, Stoick?

She searched his eyes and he reached up to take her hand in his own.

"If he thinks he can stop Drago by givin' himself up then by Thor, he'll do just that. He's as stubborn as his mother, that lad." Stoick said.

A sad smile graced Valka's lips and she wiped at her eyes before taking a shaky breath.

"I just got my boy back, only to have him taken from me. We spent less than a day together." Her voice was barely above a whisper.

Stoick's hand squeezed her own and he looked up into her beautiful eyes, the same eyes she had passed on to their only son.

"We'll find him and get him back. That, I can promise ya."

She smiled back at him just as Gobber and his dragon came into view.

"Any luck Gobber?" Stoick called out to him.

The blacksmith lifted his golden mask and shook his head.

"Old Grump here ain't quite as fast as a Nightfury." Gobber replied.

Stoick sighed. "You'd think a dragon could at least catch up with an entire fleet of ships."

"Well if they had that giant beastie pullin' them along, there's no tellin' where that ship has ended up." Gobber added.

Valka gasped and Stoick spun around to see her face light up in realization.

"He has a bewilderbeast!" She breathed. Her eyes were flickering back and fourth thoughtfully.

"Aye?" Stoick pressed, brow furrowed.

Valka looked down at the other two Vikings and smiled.

"I think I know a way to find him."

\* \* \*

><p>Drago continued banging against the giant chain that was guiding his ship along.<p>

He looked up and examined the massive glaciers that surrounded his fleet making them difficult to find, even for a group of dragon riders.

He gave the chain one last beating before turning away from the front of his ship. The only thing he was interested in now was staying hidden. It was something he knew his men wouldn't complain about. He had forced all of them to work sleepless nights with no break while they were building his dragon army, so no one dared question why Drago's motives had changed, so long as they were allowed to rest and work normally.

Drago walked towards the lower deck and his armored dragons bowed as he passed.

It was morning now and he knew his dragon boy would probably be awake soon.

He dismissed the soldier he had ordered to keep watch outside of his bedchamber door and carefully pushed it open, trying to be as quiet as possible.

The candlelight flickered in the darkness of the room. Drago fully expected to see his prisoner sleeping on the bed and wrapped in bear fur, but to his surprise the bed was empty.

His eyes widened and he wondered how the boy could have escaped until he noticed the Nightfury was still present in the room.

He carefully walked closer and examined the large beast. It was curled up like a cat in the corner with its wings tucked and its tail curled around itself. It's back rose as it breathed steadily in deep slumber.

Then Drago spotted the boy's face directly next to the Nightfury's own. The dragon had its entire body curled around its rider's and it used its front feet to cradle the boy's head as they slept.

The creature grumbled in its sleep and pulled the boy closer as though it could sense Drago's presence.

As he thought about it, it seemed logical that his dragon boy would rather sleep with a dragon than on a bed. He was more like a dragon than a human, after all.

Since there was no way he could reach the boy with that dragon wrapped around him, Drago left the room and waited for the boy to wake up on his own.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Same thing, tell me what you guys thought of this chapter and what you would like to see happen next.<strong>

\*\*Also, it would be awesome if you guys could tell me what your favorite moment in this chapter was ;)\*\*

\*\*Thanks!\*\*

#### 4. Chapter 4

He was starting to wonder if his two prisoners would spend the whole day in his chamber until he spotted the lanky youth and his black dragon wandering the top deck.

Drago observed them from afar, slowly stalking them. His fellow sailors also kept close eyes on the pair, though they were more focused on their daily tasks.

\_Thump click thump click\_

The dragon boy walked side by side with the Nightfury. He observed every part of the massive ship and Drago observed every part of \_him\_.

Upon moving closer, Drago could hear him speak. After a moment he realized that the boy was actually talking to his dragon and the black beast grumbled in reply to everything the boy said.

"\_See\_? Look at that one, bud. He doesn't even \_like\_ the armor. If Drago really wants them to obey him then he could at least \_try\_ to make them happy."

The Nightfury snorted in agreement and Drago was intrigued.

The dragon boy wasn't talking to his companion as someone would talk to a pet. He was actually gesturing with his hands and looking the dragon in the eye and the dragon hovered over the boy's every word with just as much interest.

They saw each other as equals.

The young Viking walked in front of an armored dragon and Drago

narrowed his eyes. Unlike the wild dragons this boy was used to, Drago had constantly tormented these creatures to make them more hostile. Even his own soldiers often suffered from their aggressive behavior.

The boy paused in front of the metal-clad beast and Drago took out his spear, ready to intervene.

The dragon's eyes narrowed into slits and locked onto the two-legged boy. However, as soon as the boy lowered himself to his knees and extended his palms forward, the creature's pupils expanded and it sniffed at the boy curiously.

Drago halted his footsteps and then backed away into the shadows, amazed.

He watched as the dragon scratched at the metal armor on its head and the boy immediately stood up and slipped his hand underneath to give the beast a good scratch behind the neck.

"There ya go. Is that better?"

The dragon grumbled in appreciation and its tail started wagging back and fourth wildly. It looked the boy in the eyes and then stuck its large tongue out to lick the youth all the way from his knees to the top of his head.

"Oh gross! You're worse than Toothless!" The boy laughed before placing a hand on the creature's snout and shaking saliva off his arms.

Drago cocked his head to the side and hummed in thought. Never before had one of his dragons ever responded positively to another human being. \_Although, his dragon boy wasn't quite human, was he?\_

The armored dragon did not seem at all bothered by the presence of the Nightfury; in fact, it started leaping back and fourth as though it wanted to play with the other beast.

The boy laughed and encouraged the dragon. He crouched and matched the creature's movements, metal leg scraping against the wooden deck. The commotion was starting to attract the attention of other dragons on the ship as well as Drago's soldiers. At one point the Dragon's playful dancing caused its tail to bash into the side of an armed catapult. The contraption immediately unlatched and flung a boulder towards the edge of the ship, blasting through two dragon traps before crashing into a nearby glacier.

The loud noise was met with silence as the surrounding men stopped what they were doing and stared at the damage.

Drago grinned wide and his eyes flickered back to the dragon boy. He was suddenly very eager to see the boy's reaction, to see what he would do.

\_He was hungry for it.\_

The boy's body was stiff and his arms were pulled to his chest. He gritted his teeth and looked back and forth between the men on the deck. But before he could react even further, one of the soldiers was



yelling at him.

It was a stout man covered in dark fur and metal. He quickly stormed over towards the boy, waving a sword wildly as he screamed in anger.

Drago growled under his breath as the man got closer to his dragon boy. He found himself walking forward in time with the soldier's steps.

The man swiped at the excited dragon with his sword and cut a gash into the creature's leg. The beast roared in pain and reared back just as the dragon boy ran forward and grabbed the hilt of the soldier's sword with both hands.

"Stop it!" The boy yelled.

The soldier pulled away and grabbed the boy by the arm with one thick hand. However, before the man could yell any more and before the Nightfury could even growl in defense of its rider, Drago had the man by the throat.

The soldier choked and released the boy just as Drago lifted him off of his feet and slammed him hard against the ship's mast. He looked around and made sure the rest of his soldiers were watching before leaning in close and speaking in a deadly voice.

"Nobody touches the boy but me."

The man stared back at Drago in horror until the hand on his throat loosened and he dropped back down. The man then bowed his head and quickly scampered away.

Drago turned back towards his two prisoners and saw both the boy and the Nightfury staring up at him in surprise.

He grunted and stabbed at the deck with his spear in an attempt to expel his rage. He then turned and beckoned the startled dragon boy to follow him before trudging back towards his chamber.

\* \* \*

><p>Drago slammed the metal door shut causing the young Viking to flinch and the Nightfury to start growling. His two prisoners backed away towards the bed but he ignored them and began pacing the room.<p>

He was more enraged than usual and he wasn't quite sure why. Usually when one of his men disobeyed him or did anything to make him angry, he was good at keeping calm. But as soon as someone had laid a hand on his dragon boy, he couldn't control the sheer anger that drove him to act.

"Um...\_Drago\_?"

He could hear the boy speak to him but he continued pacing.

"I'm sorry about your traps and the catapult, but please don't hurt the dragon, it was my fault."

Drago took a deep breath and stopped in his footsteps. He slowly spun around and eyed the boy.

"You're worried for the \_dragon\_?" He asked. He was surprised to feel his anger diminish almost entirely.

The youth's eyes were flickering back and forth between the floor and Drago.

"\_I\_ got him all riled up, it wasn't his fault."

Drago paused and then chuckled lightly and shook his head. His eyes traveled up the boy's thin legs and followed the straps of his clothing. \_What did he look like under all that leather?\_

The Nightfury was staring him down and he wondered if there was a way to get past the black dragon's protection.

Maybe if he just took things one step at a timeâ€|they were on his ship in the middle of the ocean and under the cover of giant glaciers. He \_did\_ have time.

The boy began picking at his nails nervously as waited for the larger man to say something.

Finally Drago's lips tilted to the side in a sickly grin.

"Maybe I'll spare that dragonâ€|" Drago's raspy voice was quiet.

The boy hovered over every word, his candle-lit eyes regarding the man with caution.

"If you do something for \_me\_ in return." He finished just above a whisper.

The youth let out a breath. "Yeah, I figured you were gonna go there."

The smile remained on Drago's face as he slowly leaned down and retrieved a bucket from the edge of the chamber.

"Um, can I know what it is you want before I agree to it?" The boy asked. His voice was growing more distressed by the second.

Drago locked eyes with wary green ones just as he set the bucket on the barrel to join the candle. Water sloshed around inside and the object created a wide shadow that danced up the left wall.

"You smell of dragon breath." He stated simply.

The boy bit his lip and his eyes flickered back and forth in confusion. It was only when Drago lifted an old rag from the bottom of the bucket and started ringing it out with one hand that the Viking understood what the man meant.

"Ohâ€|youâ€|just want me to wash up?" The boy asked, head tilting.

The smirk remained on dark man's scarred face.

"No, I want you to \_hold still\_."

The boy gapped at him for a moment and then started shaking his head.  
"Oh no."

Drago stepped forward and the boy instantly took a step back. One hand rose between them as if to keep the man away and the other landed on the Nightfury's snout to silence its growling.

"You realize I'm perfectly capable of washing myself, don't you? I'm missing a \_leg\_, not an arm."

Drago dropped the rag into the bucket and wiped his wet hand onto his cloak. He then tugged the dragon skin off and dropped it onto the floor, revealing his missing appendage.

The boy swallowed at the sight of it. "Well \_one of us\_ is missing an arm."

Drago looked at the boy with sharp, glaring eyes.

"Unless you want me to kill the dragon that caused so much trouble on my deck— you \_will\_ hold still."

The youth's eyes went wide and his face appeared broken for an instant.

Drago noticed that the Nightfury was studying both of their reactions and he felt the need to correct himself before the beast lashed out.

"Relax boy, I will not harm you."

"I'm pretty sure we have different definitions of the word \_harm\_." The boy was quick to reply but his voice was low in defeat and his shoulders deflated.

He was winning.

\_Truly this boy's habit of sacrificing himself for others was the key to his defeat. It was a sure way to control him.\_

Drago slowly reached a hand towards the boy's waist under the watchful eye of the dragon. To his surprise, the youth didn't fight; he merely turned his head away and closed his eyes. He took deep breaths and kept his back straight as Drago came closer.

Drago had to undo the buckles with one hand but a lifetime of practice made it an easy task.

"You should know, Berk is well known for its contagious skin diseases." The boy spoke half-heartedly.

Drago chuckled and reached for the leather cover on the boy's chest. "I'll take my chances." He let his breath ghost across the boy's ear and he could feel the resulting shudder rack up the boy's lithe form.

He unlatched the top buckles and a simple tug split the chest cover down the middle. The boy lifted his chin away as Drago pushed the

cover, along with the shoulder pads, completely off. If fell to the ground and the Nightfury sniffed it before those large eyes locked back onto Drago.

Now the dark man was tugging at the strings at the center of the brown leather. It was hugging the boy's sides tightly, making it difficult to pull apart and the young Viking made on move to help him. But he did hold still, just as Drago had asked.

Slowly but surely, every piece of leather adorning the boy's body came off. The Nightfury seemed to be making a collection. Each time something dropped to the floor it would sniff it to make sure it smelt like its rider then it dragged the leather under its massive belly, as if to hide it.

Then all that was left was the boy's shirt, pants and boot. Before Drago could slip his hand under the green tunic, the boy grabbed the edges on his own and tugged it over his head. He glared at the man and angrily tossed the green fabric aside. It landed on the Nightfury's head and the dragon struggled for a moment to pull it off.

The boy's chest was thin and covered in lean muscle. In spite of the stubble on his chin, his torso was almost hairless and littered in freckles.

The taller man eyed him hungrily.

His defiance is returning. Drago thought as he watched the boy shift his weight and continue to glare at him.

Those green eyes were skeptical as if challenging Drago to do his worst.

The one-armed man smirked and reached for the rag floating in the bucket. He knew the boy would fight him if he tried to remove his pants so he let them be.

He was patient, after all.

He used one hand to squeeze out the excess water and then slowly brought it to the boy's chest. The youth looked away as Drago began wiping him down but he remained standing stiffly and obediently motionless.

The cleaning consisted of every area Drago felt like touching. The rag was thin and hardly a barrier between his thick hand and the boy's light skin. He dragged it along the boy's waist and up his arms. Instead of scrubbing, he simply groped with his hands. He dragged his fingers over the boy's nipples and toyed with them, however the youth didn't react and continued glaring at the wall.

The dragon watched them curiously. Every time the rag moistened an area on the boy's right side, the Nightfury would lap it up with its massive tongue.

Drago paused and then wiped at the boy's shoulders with more force. At one point he abandoned the rag and let it hang from the Viking's neck. He then ran his fingers up the boy's neck and trailed them

along his jawline.

The boy continued staring at the wall.

Drago's hand found the youth's right ear and traced it with his fingers. He then went backwards to explore that mess of brown hair. He twirled the small braids between his fingers and carded through each strand. It was softer than he had expected.

Finally, the boy's lack of an expression was starting to irritate him.

He trailed his hand down and firmly gripped the boy's clothed rear.

The boy's chest expanded in a quick intake of air, but he remained motionless and staring.

Drago caressed the boy's backside. He dragged a finger up the crease in the center and squeezed each cheek tightly.

When the boy still did not react in any way, Drago brought his hand around and cupped the youth's crotch.

At last, those green eyes abandoned the wall and locked with Drago's own. They glared back at him with hatred and the taller man grinned.

"Why are you doing this?" The boy's voice was quiet but demanding.

"Because you belong to me." He replied, voice raspy with enjoyment.

Still keeping eye contact, Drago caressed the boy through his pants. He used his large hand to press into the area in patterns. He cupped him over and over again, trying to feel the boy's hardness.

But he felt nothing. The boy's body wasn't reacting the way he wanted it to and his hand went still between the Viking's legs.

The youth's green eyes narrowed, his expression grew smug.

"Are you done?" he asked.

Drago growled in frustration and the Nightfury instantly growled back. The boy put a hand on the creature's head to calm it down.

"Toothless." He warned.

Drago released the Viking and took a step back. His eyes darted up and down the thin body before him.

The acceptance of his touches wasn't enough. He wanted a reaction. He wanted this boy's body to react and encourage him further.

He frowned in thought and watched the younger kneel next to his dragon and retrieve his shirt from under the creature's stomach.

The boy was watching him warily but he was still standing tall in the belief that he had bested Drago Bludvist.

An idea was forming in the larger man's mind and he quickly retrieved his cloak from the floor and exited the room, letting the metal door clang loudly behind him.

He would prove the boy wrong.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Hope you guy's liked that chapter.<strong>

**\*\*I got the idea of Drago undressing Hiccup by a commenter by the name of "Quarter" so thank you for that idea, Quarter!\*\***

**\*\*Also if you guys \*\*\_\*\*did\*\*\_\*\* enjoy this chapter then tell me what your favorite part was \*\***

**\*\*I'm thinking of having the next chapter involve a very drugged up Hiccup ;) \*\***

End  
file.